THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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HERE AND THERE.

Troppmann has been condemned to death. On hearing his sentence he smiled and bowed to the court.

A farewell dinner will be given to Mr. Charles Mathews on the 10th inst. at Willis's Rooms.

An exhibition of the works of the old masters, together with a selection of those of Stanfield and Leslie, has been opened at Burlington House.

A story is told which may be commended to Parisian gentlemen as containing a valuable hint. Two Americans were dining with two ladies at an hotel in Baden Baden. A Russian prince who wished to pick a quarrel with them, purchased two bouquets and sent them to the American ladies with his compliments. The Americans glanced pleasantly at the Russian, and sent him by the waiter who bought the flowers two napoleons. The offender was, it is added, so chagrined that he left the room. It is thus shown that people who have abandoned duelling may be by no means so defenceless against personal affronts as might be supposed.

The following particulars as to the "San Gréal" or "Holy Grail" may not be uninteresting. The celebrated Sangreal, or sacro catino, preserved at Genoa is referred to in manuscripts as early as the 7th century. It is a deep bowl or tureen of dark green glass, of Roman manufacture, about 12 inches in diamer and 3 inches deep, with hexagonal border and two handles, first moulded and then turned in the lathe; it derives its name from the world *greal*, or *grayle*, a deep dish, used in the middle ages to contain meat. This Saint Gréal was said to be the identical dish on which the Paschal Lamb was placed at Our Saviour's Last Supper, and preserved by Joseph of Arimathea. It was formerly supposed to have been cut out of an emerald. Bonaparte transported it to Paris in 1806, when it was broken, and it was then ascertained to be glass. It has since been carefully repaired, and returned to Genoa. Among the adventures of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table was their search in "quest of the Sanegreal," which could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry and pure and guiltless of evil conversation.

It is satisfactory to find that the merits of preserved Australian meat are beginning to be thoroughly appreciated in this country. The working classes have yet to learn that it is better to get good meat at a reasonable price than to pay exorbitant prices for aged cows and diseased sheep on which only the salesmen and butchers fatten. But there are other classes, perhaps a step above the mechanic and labourer in the social ladder, though with more right than most Liberal candidates to say with a smile of self-satisfied complacency, "We, too, are working men," who, first from necessity and then from choice, took to eating Australian beef and mutton, and have now eaten up all that can be procured from the wholesale dealers. We hear that at the Civil Service Co-operative Store every tin of Australian meat has been exhausted, and that it will be some weeks before another supply can be obtained. It is to be hoped that very few years will elapse before in every country village and every provincial town in England the cost of living to the poor will be diminished three-fourths by means of preserved meat and organised kitchens.

About two months ago one M. de Malortie and a Viscount de la Poeze, who form part of that section of Parisian society which congregates on the Boulevards, dines at fashionable restaurants, and sups in the boudoir of some of the many Aspasias who drive so lucrative a trade in the modern Babylon, quarrelled in some den of infamy or other. They agreed to fight it out. First pistols were tried; they fired *six shots apiece*, but without effect. They then tried cold steel, but with no better result. They fought what we suppose we may call nine rounds with rapiers, and finally the combat came to an end by both these champions getting a scratch. The principals and seconds in this sanguinary affair were tried on Monday by the Correctional Court. The public prosecutor dwelt on the highly improbable contingency that they might have killed each other, and the court, to show its sense of the loss society would have sustained by such a consummation, sentenced the principals to two, and the seconds to one month's imprisonment.

If we do not fall in with his views with reference to the "Alabama" claim, Mr. Motley intends, it is said, to include England in the next edition of his "History of the *Low* Countries."

Of Adventurer's stock Pretender has started six times and won three races of the value of 11,000*l*. His next best winner is Agility, who has started eleven times, winning five, her total gains being 1,719*l*. Border Knight is third, with four wins out of fourteen starts, but his winnings are less than 1,000*l*. Argyle, though reported at one time to be a great horse, has started sixteen times for two wins of the value of 730*l*. Of Beadsman's winners Pero Gomez has secured 9,790*l*., Blue Gown, 1,677*l*., and Morna, 1,225*l*., but the amounts won by the others have been only insignificant. Blair Athol has twelve winners, which have started 105 times and won thirty races of the value of 6,946*l*., Scottish Queen contributing 3,750*l*. of this amount. Buccaneer's total of winners is nineteen, and they have started 198 times, winning 49 races worth 11,970*l*. Of this sum Brigantine's Oaks and Ascot Cup, worth 6,060*l*., is included, and Toison d'Or stands next with 1,390*l*.

Le Figaro of last Tuesday devotes its *feuilleton* to what it calls a *récit inédit* of Charles Dickens. It is called *The Black Veil*, and is translated by Victor Gardin.

A la Gaité, pendant la conférence de Emile Chasles:—

"La plus belle des connaissances," dit l'orateur, "est incontestablement——"

"Cora Pearl!" fait une voix du paradis.

The following acrostic, if we are to believe the *Figaro*, has been composed by Troppmann during his imprisonment. The original orthography is preserved:—

J e ne suis nullement un barbare
E t pour tan je suis accuser comme un assassin
A h! puis-je croire. C'est quelque chose de si rare
N on! je ne puis y croire, mais tout aura une fin.

B onheur est-tu réalité, n'est-se tu qu'un vain nom
A rrivé à peine à l'âge de vingt ans.
P asser par la fatalité dans une abîme profonde
T riste destinée, aujourd'hui tu me tiens en prison
I llusion de ce monde, puis-je y croire hélas
S uis-je donc destiné au malheur c'est mon sort
T ci mon Dieu qui voit tous tu ne crois pas
E tre suprême, je ne veus pas le bonheur je veus la mort.

T riste dans ma célul je me promène
R evan à ma famille dans le malheur
O tout est finit pour moi pour ton ce que J'aime
P ourquoi comme tant d'autres ne suis-je pas né pour le bonheur.
P ère malheur, Mère que j'ai tan chéri
M on pardon de vous seul je l'aimplore
A vous seule, chère famille, j'ai arrachée la vie
N e pensé plus à moi, abandonné moi à mon sort
N otre vie pass ager, c'est le néan et la mort.

(Souvenir)

J. B. T.

The success of the salmon experiment in Tasmania has at last been placed beyond all doubt. Two men fishing in the Derwent in Beauty Bay with a seine captured a salmon 10 inches long and 5 inches in girth, and a second 9 inches long. The fish are the natural production of the Derwent, that is, they are the offspring of salmon which had been hatched from the original ova, and consequently may be looked upon as the second generation. The incident naturally created a good deal of excitement in Hobart Town, where for some days nothing else was talked about, and much gratification is felt here at the successful introduction of this fish into one, at least, of the Australian colonies.

Il faut marcher avec le siècle.

A Rome, on ne dit plus le droit-*canon*, mais le droit-*chassepot*.

X., dont les bons mots font la fortune des echotiers, a le malheur d'être un ivrogne. Un confrère le déchirait à belles dents devant une charmante femme qui le défendait.

"Enfin, madame," s'écrie le jaloux, "vous n'emp cherez pas qu'il ne s'abrutisse par l'abus des liqueurs spiritueuses."

"Spiritueuses pour vous, soit," répartit la dame; "mais pour lui, dites donc spirituelles."

There was a statement lately in one of the American papers that the British Mission at Washington was to be raised to the highest grade, and made equal in rank and dignity to those near the Courts of the leading Powers of Europe. It is certain that Mr. Thornton's influence and usefulness would be enhanced by this step; and it is equally sure that the American people, without thought or care for the merely technical rules which usually determine the grades of missions, would view the act as a proper and graceful recognition of the place they claim to hold among the nations of the world.

The accident which has occurred at Bristol Theatre and by which so many lives have been lost, is in some respects similar to that which happened at the Haymarket Theatre on the 3rd of February, 1794, when fifteen persons were trampled to death. The programme for the evening on that occasion consisted of the plays of *My Grandmother*, *No Song no Supper*, and *The Prize*. In the crowd one of those who were killed was thrown down; the people behind kept pushing forward, others were thrown down over him, and all were trampled upon by the crowd, who passed over their bodies into the house. There was in this case, as unfortunately at Bristol, a declivity instead of an ascent, for the pit lay lower than the threshold of the door leading to it, and it was on the steps that the mischief happened, those at the back of the crowd pressing on, unconscious of what had occurred in front. Besides the fifteen who were killed several other persons were seriously injured. It is worthy of note that some of the inhabitants of Bristol were very much averse originally to the establishment of a theatre at all in that city. In 1773, 430 of them took the unusual course of presenting a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth the many evil consequences that must arise from licensing a royal theatre. Other of the inhabitants were, however, in favour of a licence being granted, and petitioned in its favour. Mr. Brickdale, one of the Bristol members, through whom both the petitions were presented, declared his neutrality, being unwilling to offend either party. Lord Clare, on the other hand, declared himself an advocate for the licence, having first requested the Lord Chamberlain to reserve for him the appointment of the manager.

Troppmann is a very small man, of apparently delicate and frail conformation. His figure is slight, and his personal strength apparently inconsiderable. He was guarded during his trial by six gens-d'armes. The court having been duly opened, the clerk read the *acte d'accusation*, the perusal of which occupied a considerable time. When the clerk recited those parts of the indictment in which allusion is made to the murder of Madame Kinck and the cries of the children, the prisoner was somewhat moved, but throughout the proceedings his manner was almost uniformly impassive.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Paris, December 30.

AT last it is possible to form something like a decided opinion as to our political future. As long as the extraordinary season lasted the Emperor felt it necessary for the Forcade de la Roquette Ministry to remain in office, charged as it was with the defence of the official candidates, so as to give a clear board to their successors. When, on Monday, that session came to a close by the annulling of M. Isaac Pereire's election, the late Ministry ceased to have a *raison d'être*, and the time at length was arrived for the Emperor to give effect in spirit, as well as in letter, to the Senatus-Consultum which he had promulgated and which he had ratified. It did not, therefore, take Paris by surprise that the *Journal Officiel* of Tuesday contained the resignation of M. de la Roquette and his colleagues, and the advent to power of M. Ollivier. What, however, no one had looked for was the letter accompanying those decrees from the Emperor, and which every one who is not wilfully blind and maintains that under no circumstances can any good thing come out of Nazareth, must allow, demonstrates a sincere intention to give France a constitutional form of government, and to interfere with the measures of his Ministry as little as is possible for a monarch who possesses the talent and ability of Napoléon III. It is generally supposed that M. Ollivier will form his Ministry from among the members of the Right Centre; but if he can only induce the Left Centre to accept his programme, or if he will modify his to meet their views, he will get a far stronger Government—the strongest, I may venture to add, that France has possessed since '89. Present appearances, however, are against this combination, but as the session is adjourned to the 10th of January, there is ample time between this and then to enter into negotiations, which ought to be successful. In any event, there is a general feeling of contentment that we are quit, it is to be hoped, for ever of personal governments, and that we shall have a chance given us of refuting the insinuations of so many foreigners, that Frenchmen do not know themselves what they want, and that they are incapable of making a proper use of freedom had they got it. Opinions vary as to M. Ollivier's capabilities, some setting him down as a vain and empty-headed charlatan, others coupling his name with those of such men as Pitt and Cavour. The old proverb *in mediis tutissimus ibis* is, perhaps, the best advice I can give to those who had already weighed him in the balance, and I shall expect to find him the best man for the occasion that we can produce. It is, unfortunately, one of the natural consequences of Imperialism and personal government that there are no young men springing up in France to take the places of elderly statesmen; and this is perhaps the heaviest penalty which the Emperor will have to pay for his refusal hitherto even to share his power, that in the hour of need, he can find no able men among his own partisans to take the place of those who drop out of the ranks. It is striking to look back on the last few years and to count the number of his friends whom death has been busy with. I can call to mind, as I write, De Morny, Thouvenel, Billault, Fould, Walewski, De Moustier, Bacchiochi, Niel, Troplong; and the past few days have added to this already long list Delangle and the Marshal Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely. The former of these was for a long period Minister of Justice and one of the Emperor's greatest personal friends, the latter was one of the soldiers of the First Empire, and was made *chef d'escadron* on the field of Waterloo by Napoleon I. He was made Senator in '52, and had previously held the post of Minister of War in '51. *Encore des amis qui s'en vont.*

It is reported that propositions have been made to the Duc d'Aumale and the other Princes of his house relative to their being allowed to return to France. If this be the case, it is perhaps the wisest stroke of policy that the Emperor ever executed, and I have every reason to believe the report well founded. Another, and far less probable story, is that, in addition, the Emperor is anxious to bring about a marriage between the Prince Imperial and a Princess of the House of Orleans. In any event, all impartial and dispassioned critics must allow that the future both of France and of the Imperial dynasty looks more hopeful than it has done for many a long day.

The trial of Troppmann has, it is no exaggeration to say, created greater excitement in France this week than all the political changes and rumours together. Such a scene of excitement in the Palais de Justice and its environs has never been witnessed, as when at 10 a.m. on Tuesday Troppmann appeared at the bar. Outside a vast crowd waited on the mere chance of hearing, from passers in and out, what was going on; inside, the not very large court was crammed by representatives of every class. All the instruments supposed to be connected with the foul deed, and the clothes of the unfortunate victims, were ranged on the table in front of the bench, and at the commencement the witnesses, some 80 in number, were present. When Troppmann was led to the bar, few, even of those who had seen photographs of him, were prepared to see such a very boyish and almost innocent-looking face. He did not seem to flinch in the least when the long *acte d'accusation*, with its revolting and yet necessary details of the crime, was read over to him. To the President's (M. Thevenin) interrogations he gave calm and even flippant replies, and persisted in his statement that he was only one of the accomplices and not the chief actor in the matter. Although, so far, the evidence has not adduced any fresher facts than those with which you are already acquainted, yet no doubt rests in the minds of any one as to what the verdict and sentence will be. You will probably have received it before these lines appear in print. It is extraordinary what a ravenous appetite the Parisians have for all that is horrible and sentimental, but I should say the banquet which the assassin of Pantin has provided for them will satisfy it *usque ad nauseum*.

As a proof of the sincere and intelligent interest which the Emperor takes in all that concerns the welfare of the poorer classes, I may mention that M. Tallerman, the importer of the Australian meat and the originator of the penny dinners in London, has had an audience of the Emperor which lasted over an hour. He submitted to His Majesty several specimens of his meat, and also a plan for giving a treat in Paris of his system of dinners which has succeeded so well in London. The Emperor expressed himself much pleased with the meat, and gave some of it to thirty soldiers, of whom five-and-twenty liked it much, the other five not fancying it. So we may expect to have ere long a formidable opposition to M. Duval.

France may expect a considerable diminution in her floating population this week. As on Saturday imprisonment for debt ceases with you, a general move has been made, on the part of the majority of Englishmen inhabiting France, to the ports of Boulogne and Calais. The trains on the Chemin du Nord have been crammed with occupants who are longing to see their London friends after, in many cases, a long and always compulsory absence. I should say that Boulogne itself will become depeopled, and that grass will grow in the streets of Calais. You will undoubtedly receive within your gates the greater part of those thirty thousand whom an eminent whist-player declared to be wandering about the Continent in a state of destitution, for not leading a trump when they held five, and a complete "list of arrivals" in London between this and the next week would be entertaining to a degree.

The social world is absolutely dead this week, but with the Jour de l'An entertainments will set in with their usual severity. At present every one is preparing to celebrate the French Christmas, which is even more exacting in the way of toll and tribute than is yours.

Palermo, 21st Dec., 1869.

The journey from Malta by the Italian postal line of steamers, round the island of Sicily to Palermo, is very delightful. They call *en route* at Syracuse, Catania, and Messina, allowing a stay of some hours' duration at each place.

The "Cariddi," in which I made the voyage, is a fine screw steamship, replete with every convenience; the saloon, elegantly furnished, is provided with a piano; and from the spacious deck overhead one is enabled to enjoy the beautiful Sicilian coast scenery. Approaching Mount Etna the view is sublime; Catania, lying at its base, is not seen until the vessel almost enters the harbour; and, though the mountain is many miles inland, it is of so great a height, that it appears to rise direct from the sea. Etna, with its cone embedded in the eternal snow, is a noble-looking mountain, infinitely more imposing than Vesuvius, as it towers above, 11,000 feet, in all its majestic grandeur.

Before landing at any Italian port, it is necessary to make a bargain with the boatmen, as they impose upon the unwary with the coolest effrontery. Catania is built upon the solid lava, the great black rocks bare of vegetation stretch right out into the sea and mark the scene of the last devastating eruption. Several times has the huge volcano destroyed the city, but so grimly fascinating is the monster, that though 27,000 persons perished at the last destruction, a large and prosperous town has sprung from the ruins of the preceding ones.

A spacious building, now used as a barrack, but formerly a monastery occupied by a Benedictine Brotherhood composed entirely of nobles, is well worthy of a visit. It contains a magnificent church with what the guide-books state to be the grandest organ in the world, and over its numerous altars are choice works of great Italian artists. From the roof of the Church a prospect is seen that gladdens the eye—rich vineyards and smiling valleys, and high above, the great mountain with the smoke curling lazily about its snowy cone. A run of about six hours takes you to Messina—a city, that, though worthy of a visit, does not possess many points of attraction. Leaving Messina at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer is timed to arrive at Palermo in the early morning. The approach to the harbour is strikingly picturesque.

The luxuriant foliage abounding in the neighbourhood of Catania and Messina here gives place to a bold mountainous country. As the mist rises from the valleys, and the rising sun lights up the various mountain summits, I declare the sight is one that can never be forgotten.

Palermo nestles at the base of the "everlasting hills," the chief of which is Monte Pelegrino. Murray speaks of the view from the ruins of the old Abbey on the top of this mountain as the finest in Europe. I am not quite prepared to endorse this statement, for can any sight surpass that from Fort St. Elmo over the Bay of Naples? But still, the prospect over the city, the sea, the mountains, and the valleys is surpassingly beautiful. Palermo is a fine city rejoicing in a charming sea-side promenade called the Marina, some very good Botanical Gardens, spacious streets, and last, but by no means least, a capital hotel, the Trinacira. The cathedral externally is a good specimen of Sicilian Gothic; but the great object of attraction is the Capella Reale. The chapel is a perfect bijou; it is very ancient, and the walls are most elaborately decorated with choice mosaics. Music is constantly saluting the ear—and very good, too, for street music. A piano is drawn about on a truck, and all sorts of operatic selections are performed by turning a handle. At a little distance the effect is really pleasant, so much so, that I really do not think Mr. Bass's Act would be put into force if a few were imported into the streets of London.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

VALENTINE FORDE.*

WHEN the plot of a story turns upon a secret, the secret of a crime—when the mystery commenced in the first volume is not to be discovered till the third, the task of the reviewer becomes somewhat difficult. He feels he has no right to enlighten the reader, whom the author has taken so much pains to bewilder, to make that clear which has purposely been rendered mysterious—to cut through a web which ought to be patiently and carefully disentangled. Yet, without this it is hardly possible fairly to criticise the machinery of the piece, or to discuss the various characters which appear from time to time upon the stage.

Valentine Forde is such a story. Its interest is circumscribed within a very narrow compass, and turns completely upon the death of a certain Captain Menteith, a not very reputable personage,

* *Valentine Forde.* A Novel. By Cecil Griffith, author of *Victory Deane, Maud Mainwaring, &c.*, &c.

who is found drowned one lonely morning amongst some reeds in the marshy bed of a river which flowed underneath a summer-house, where he was accustomed to pass a great part of his time drinking brandy and perfecting himself in some underhand tricks at cards. "When found, his watch was still upon his person, and that money and bank notes lay apparently untouched upon the tables in the summer-house, excluded all idea that he had met his death by violence." But yet he was murdered. That becomes pretty clear from the first, who could have done the deed being all the mystery.

The *dramatis personæ* is very limited, consisting only of Mr. Forde, his two sons, Valentine and George, and his niece Frederica, Captain and Mrs. Menteith, and one or two inferior personages. Upon one of these, Abraham Dalton, the suspicion of the murder falls. He was seen near the spot on the evening when the crime was committed, and becomes afterwards evidently in great terror of his brother-in-law, one Jonah Bush, who takes every opportunity of quarrelling with and threatening him.

The brothers Valentine and George are both in love with Freda, and it has been the chief wish of Mr. Forde that she should become the wife of Valentine, his eldest and favourite son, but with whom he becomes unaccountably displeased, disinheriting him, and transferring all his affection to George, whom he implores upon his deathbed to marry Freda. The scene where Valentine at the last moment implores his father's forgiveness is very dramatic and very natural. We give it in full:—

"At length one night, the last night, as they expected it to be, and as it eventually proved, urged past resistance by the greatness of his longing to be reconciled to his father before he died, Valentine came suddenly in amongst them all as they sat watching.

"For the last two hours Mr. Forde had not moved or spoken, and they supposed him to have fallen into that state of unconsciousness which is the frequent precursor of death. Mrs. Burton sat in decorous sadness in a large chair at the head of the bed, and Freda, stilled in her grief by an oppressive sense of the awfulness of these last moments, natural to one so young and so inexperienced as she, had seated herself down on the floor, towards the foot, with George standing close by her.

"They all started, and Mrs. Burton uttered a faint exclamation, as Valentine appeared in the midst of them.

"'Don't waken him. Val!' said George, but Valentine held up his hand, as if imploring, by a gesture, that he might not be hindered any more, and Mrs. Burton answered, 'He is past wakening now is the poor master! Let my poor lad, at least, have a last look at his father's face.'

"So Valentine came up to the bed and knelt down there, looking upon the countenance that had so strangely changed for him of late.

"He did not speak, he only knelt and looked. Neither George nor Freda could see his face, and Mrs. Burton, who could, after watching him a minute, put her hand up over her eyes, as if it was a sight she would rather not see.

"They were all quite still. Valentine was breathing rather quickly, and his breathing and the laboured respiration of the dying man, as it were answering one another, were the only sounds in the room.

"At last, very suddenly, the voice which they had never thought to hear again, said, 'George.' George stepped hastily forward, interposing between Valentine and his father, lest the sight of him, in this unexpected revival of consciousness, should any way trouble the end which probably was close at hand.

"'What is it, father?'

"'He's here!' said Mr. Forde painfully.

"'Who is here?'

"There was a pause, for speech was difficult. George signed to Valentine to withdraw himself, but whether he hoped anything from his recognition, or was desperately determined to plead his own cause with his father, he only shook his head and knelt on. It would have been better for him if he had consented to go. Presently Mr. Forde called George again, beckoning him with his eyes to bend his head quite down to the level of his lips. 'Get him away gently,' he said, trying to whisper, but failing to command the hoarse and hollow voice of death. 'Ask him—persuade him—he chokes me. I can't look at him! But don't anger him, he's so revengeful—and George—George—listen to me. Take care of the river!'

"'Father!' cried Valentine then, with a sudden and terrible sharpness of mixed protestation and remorse. That outcry shook them all, it was so passionate and bitter. Even the dying man seemed to thrill with it, and slowly turned his eyes upon his son, as with a clearer consciousness of their several positions.

"Those last words of his had seemed to indicate a wandering mind, but there was no confusion in the gaze with which he looked upon Valentine, neither was it the glance of one in whom the old fear and horror had been at all subdued by the approach of death.

"'Father, look at me,' said Valentine, as if that gaze of terror and repulsion were no gaze at all. 'Have you quite forgotten how you used to love me once? Don't you remember anything of the old time when we were so much together? Don't you remember after my mother's death I was the only creature you cared to see? And afterwards, when I had the fever, do you remember that they said that but for you I must have died?'

"'Would to God you had died!' answered Mr. Forde with sudden and bitter passion, and Valentine cried, 'Would to God that I had!' and hid his face upon his hands and wept."

To quote the whole of this painful scene would exceed our limits, but the reader, from what has been given, will obtain a just idea of the writing of the whole book. Simple, forcible, natural, throughout all the three volumes there is not a chapter we desire to skip or a page which is irrelevant. It is a sad story, but it is interesting and true to life, and not unworthy of the author of *Victory Deane*.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

Prize Word No. X.—Globe.

First—

I gave my wife the other day a robe,—
The sweetest thing, magenta over black,—
But going the same evening to the "Globe,"
Some base mechanic tore it down the back.

She fainted, and I swore both loud and fast;
But having the long-suffering of Job,
I bought another. It shall be the last
While Reason sits in this distracted globe.

Benedict.

Second—

When trials sore were sent to probe
The faith and constancy of Job,
His sufferings to his good were blessed.
He wore affliction like a robe,
And thus of patience to the globe
A perfect model stands confessed. Zeno.

Third—

I sought my love the other day
With greetings of the season,
But one hand I kept hid away,
And soon she asked the reason.

For answer, in the pretty lobe
Of each small, shell-like ear
I plac'd a tiny crystal globe,
Set round with rubies clear,

Saying, "Your heart, my own, I know
Is as these crystals, pure,
My love shall like the rubies glow,
For ever warm and sure.

Triple Harp.

Of all the trials which trouble man
Within this "varsal" globe,
The worst must be our lines to scan,
And their contents to probe.

Whatever patience *we* may use
Our thoughts in words to robe,
Your patience, sir, the best to choose
Surpasses that of Job.

The pleasures of this festive time
Pray, sir, enjoy: be sob-
Er, happy, and eschew all rhym-
Ing.—I am, yours, Latrobe.

Risest thou thus, O dolorous day,
With not one glance to gild the globe—
The weary globe—that all night lay
Wrapt in a wet and misty robe?

Thy longing children cry to thee;
Flash out, O sun, and thrill the globe
With living light on land and sea,
And with thy shafts the darkness probe.

Atlas.

With wisdom you need an alliance,
As well as the patience of Job,
To cull astronomical science
And learn the celestial globe.

If you desire to probe
How far good taste in robe,
Song, dance, and chaff
Can make you laugh,
Take tickets at the "Globe."

Globule.

As by the deathbed of our friend
In sorrow wrapt as in a robe,
We watch the hour in which our globe
Rounds its full cycle to the end.

O dying year, thy loss is mine!
Thy fruitful seasons in each lobe*
Gave life and light to all the globe:
Dear year, may peaceful rest be thine.

But lo! the dawn moves up the east,
And does with tend'rest beams unrobe
The new young year that to one globe
Is born this hour the old year ceas'd.
New year, all good around thee move;
Thou com'st from God; nor would we probe
What doom thou bringest to the globe:
Thou com'st from God, and God is Love!

Quob.

* "Lobe," a division. See "Johnson's Dictionary."

That hacking cough reveals the tale
Of lung decayed in either lobe,
And sure the surgeon's art must fail
Its hidden source to reach and probe.

This wintry wind so cold and keen
Will pierce the warmest fleecy robe;
One chance remains, to change the scene,
And try a voyage round the globe. Druid.

Prize Word No. XI.—Mirror.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

THE FROST.

WELL, yes! it is a bore, no doubt, to be frozen in just as horses are getting fit to go, and foxes know a country. It must be so. I have met no less than five men to-day ready to swear to it. Heavystern was the first; he was pottering up Regent-street at the rate of three quarters of a mile in the hour, his face, like the sun, gently shaded by some of those fogs that come on about three a.m., and conduct the old gentleman decorously to bed. "How do?" gasped he, behind a shawl that would cover a moderate tent. "D——d bore, old fella', horses eating their heads off, and that sort of thing. Sell my lot soon as Tattersall has stalls. Ta, ta." He, I know, owns a couple; one that draws his brougham, and the other is—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—very tender.

Then young Tightstays turned up at the club. "Ha, how are you? Driven to town, of course; beastly frost stops all fun in the country; lot of horses fit to go, sound as bells, not a cough amongst them, and here I am, you see. Well, it's no use to grumble, I suppose."

I know what a bore those same horses are to him, and how anxious he has been to cut Harborough before the scent improved. Did I not hear him remark, after a somewhat queer roll, certainly, from pulling and messing old Careful about down hill, and causing him to catch an ant-hill with his fore legs, "That's my fourth, and the cursed season is not half over yet" ?

Stickler means it when he calls the frost a bore, and would give his ears to be up in Yorkshire again, doing a grind with Peter Collinson or Jack Backhouse; but, although *he* swears the little chesnut is sound, that off-joint was beginning to look ominously round, and the white-faced bay carried far less barrel than a really good feeder should, not to mention something wonderfully like incipient curb developing itself on the near hock, Tomkins makes no bother about it, but declares freely and honestly, he's glad with a rest, and would rather be back with little Milly Mischief, of the ——, than see the best run ever compassed from the days of Meynell until now.

To be serious, are we all really so dreadfully disappointed as we pretend at a slight interruption to the pleasures of the chase? Are there not causes in every stable that render a little rest not only convenient, but desirable? I

know there are, even with a bad scenting time; back sinews will get out of the perpendicular, and assume a convexity of outline far from pleasing to the eye of a horse owner. Legs will depart from clean and flat shape, which Jehus delight to liken unto foalhood, and take a form fearful to behold, resembling nothing earthly, save those awful visions that appal us when elderly females walk abroad in windy weather. Nay, are we not, one and all, glad of some slight excuse to exchange country quarters for a day or two in town? Or, should we reject the modern Babylon and its allurements, is not a change of sport agreeable? Now is the time to rattle up the coverts; and if ever a man can enjoy a battue, it must be when planted well out of the wind, in some sunny nook, when the remnant of the snow which tried to come, but could not, has long since disappeared. Or, if such is not his fate, what say you to a quiet stroll, with retriever at heel, up the little bourne, away into the hills? The stream, tiny as it appears, swells out into basins and pools large enough to attract both teal and mallard this weather; and if we approach cautiously we may disturb them from their snug berth, beneath the overhanging blackthorn or alders, and get a right and left, that will send us home rejoicing. Nor are a few snipe unlikely to reward our toil. In fact, it is difficult to say what spoil may not, at such times, reward the cautious gunner. Hares he is sure to find in the rank marsh land; but when puss goes bounding from her seat he had better wish her joy, and keep his shot in the barrels, lest he disturb some game more worthy his shooting. The hern, or heron, I should also spare, even at the risk of having every disciple of old Izaac pour out his vials of wrath on my devoted head. He is a grand addition to the landscape, as he stands statue-like, watching for his prey, or floats aloft, on wide and silent wing, at your approach. I know he is quite competent to take care of himself, and it will require careful stalking to obtain a shot. Nevertheless, the race has become sadly scarce of late years, and when killed, why, you may eat him, if you like—I'd rather not.

But by your leave, my masters, we will quit the stream, and see what old Jack Frost has done for us upon the hills. Bring your best guns, by the way — muzzle loaders, if they shoot hardest—and some old fogeys still declare they do,—for our game is wild and wary. Reaching them at a good distance is of far more import than quick loading now, and the quieter your dress the better. In fact, if you intend to take the old grey mare as a stalking horse—and you can have none better—it would be no bad plan to emulate the man who wished to shoot wild ducks in the snow, and invest in a second-hand surplice. But let us keep quiet, and move as though you and the old grey mare were one; if I manœuvre round the birds, it is ten to one but they come over within range, and give you a chance. What birds? Why, the golden plovers; and it is no pun to say that they are jewels, and only second to the woodcock himself—if second even to him. Listen to their strange, shrill whistle, as, with the velocity of a swallow, they turn and wheel about in the distance. When they come lose no time, and shoot well forward. Don't be particular as to distance either; they are easily brought down when hit. Now, farewell; and I will go away round, yon hill, where they have settled. Somewhat cold work, kind readers, but verily such as a true sportsman loves. Aye, and as we return by the little lake in the corner, do no thoughts of bygone frosts arise? Is it not there, my friend, that the tiny boot was entrusted to your hand to fix the skate, and you, wicked rascal that you were, raised it—no, of course, not one inch higher than was necessary; of course not, who said you did? Well, Nelly was a laughing girl then, and those two young rascals that are riding the old curly-coated retriever on the terrace, whose objections never get beyond a low growl of dissatisfaction, were unthought of.

So, instead of grumbling at the frost, let us welcome him as a hearty old friend, who rather changes than stops our sport, and remember that to the sportsman every season and every change brings its peculiar pleasure. And by the way, my friends, when you have taken my advice, and bagged those plovers, address some of them to the writer of this at the *Man about Town* office, care of the editor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Happy Returns.—Thanks. We pledge you in cheerful birds-eye.

Six-and-Eight.—Fee, fo, fum! Do we not smell the breath of an attorney-at-law? Go to—Westminster.

S. T.—You don't mean it! Yet, perhaps, you do. You may be capable even of that. Telegraph if you are not.

C. (Harwich).—We have seen it, and a more wretched spot we do not know. Are the "Three Cups" empty as of old, and does that hateful piece of ordnance still shake one out of one's sheets at 7 a.m.?

Hasta.—We are much beholden for your kind present. We shall never use the snuff-box without tears.

A. M. (Beds.).—A palpable crib. We are sorry to throw a wet blanket on your aspirations, but they have given us a counter pain.

G. G.—We should rather incline to say, "Wo!"

Statu Pupillari.—You must not be dogmatic—yet awhile.

Mabel.—You will think differently when you grow gray.

Horse-play.—We rather like it. Suppose you try *Mazeppa*.

Cocotte.—*Alezan* means chesnut. Didn't you know that? *Allez* (*vous*) *en!*

Broadbrim.—Mr. Bright is a member of the Society of Friends. Consequently, he never takes an oath unless much irritated.

Lex.—We are much obliged for your attention. We shall not lose sight of the matter.

PRIZE RHYMES.

Competitive papers have been received from C. B., N., Charles Stewart, Armiger, Vox, A. B., X., Duck, The Wandering Jew, B. H., Lobe, Cornet, Silly Suffolk, J. C. H., C. F. R., H. E. M, Victim, Pero.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870.

NEW YEAR'S DAY with us has little besides *Letts's Diary* to distinguish it from the rank and file of the Calendar. Properly disposed persons with the necessary leisure go to church in the morning, and partake of a supplementary turkey in the evening. Improperly disposed persons consolidate the Christmas festivities with a "wind-up," a process which, as in the case of clocks, results in much "go," some trembling of the hands, and very often a strike. Persons well and ill-disposed wish each other a pleasant time—an aspiration which, especially when it comes from your tailor, has an ironical flavour hard to bear. Accounts have all come in and look surprisingly large in their india-rubber band. Boxes have been paid, both twopenny and general; family quarrels have been made up like servants' cheap bonnets, "tempery;" all the pretty cousins within reach have been kissed; that little matter has been renewed until (including the grace) the 20th March; the almanacs and annuals have been, with great difficulty, digested. I don't think we have done much else that is seasonable, except, perhaps, that all of us have shivered a good deal and most of us have seen a pantomime.

Pantomime is, of course, in full blaze, yet not in that full blaze of light which we recollect of old. At one time, not so long ago either, no house "as called itself a house," could sit down before its pit and gallery without producing the orthodox novelty, pantomimic or extravagant, on Boxing-day. The gods, who keep that "dreadful pother overhead," would inevitably have slain any manager who attempted to put them off with a second-hand piece on such an occasion. The pit would have risen as one man and driven a *réchauffé* of last year's entertainment from the table. Unless "Hot Codlins" and a transformation scene were conceded to them, I tremble to think what a justly infuriated audience might not have done to Mr. Buckstone or Mr. Webster. *Now* there are but two first-class houses which have produced a pantomime at all. There is *one* new burlesque. There are literally dozens of dramatic temples where *no* novelty, not even a yard of cloth of gold, a slashed doublet, or a false nose, is provided for its patrons. Although personally I am, I must own, relieved in mind at finding one's Christmas dramatic responsibilities narrowed to the delightfully circumscribed focus of Brydges-street and Bow-street, there can be no doubt that this state of things is ominous in the extreme, betokening a weakness on the part of managers, and inflicting a decided injustice to our four and six-year olds. I may not agree with the taste of little May, who rates the red-hot poker and the butter slide higher than the casket scene; but I sympathise with her and think she has a right to be consulted. But, according to some, May and December should have nothing in common, and the sooner the poor, time-honoured distractions of youth are done away with the better. With such I do not hold. I love not Pantomime, yet I grieve at the enfeebled state to which he has dwindled, and for his approaching end. I could have better spared a better man. Man delights not me, nor woman neither (much); but in children I have still a vested interest, and would not willingly see their pleasures—even the idiotic ones—abridged.

And here I may say that it is worth the while of any one not hopelessly hypochondriacal to pass half an hour or so in the bazaars which stand so seductively open these grim afternoons. It was a great blow to me when the Pantheon, which had, I believe, previously done duty as a concert hall, a ball-room, and a place of worship, was, like another Clarence, submerged by wine. There was more in the Pantheon than a mere bazaar. The giants who guarded the portals, the statues and pottery, lent an air almost of dignity to even the approach to the great Toy Room. The inner sanctuary was brighter, lighter, and gayer than any of its fellows. Its painted window, like a glorified Catherine wheel, lent warmth and colour to the scene, which at 5 p.m. on a winter's afternoon was full of bright-eyed children with their attractive custodians. In these respects alone the Pantheon would have given its rivals any weight, but with the little conservatory and the octagonal flirtation-box thrown in, it was Eclipse first, and the rest you know where. But the all-pervading and irrepressible Gilbey has, like the Queen's Proctor, intervened; and the Pantheon, with its glittering gauds (it should be gods) was condemned. The Soho bazaar had always a more sober reputation than its heathen neighbour, and was always encompassed by an atmosphere of gloom. Servants were hired there; a register of governesses was kept; and a man sat in the gallery whose weird task it was to cut out profiles in black paper. Since it has been carried through to Oxford-street it has gained considerably in "sweetness and light," and is, thanks to Gilbey the Destroyer, extensively patronised by *connoisseurs* of tin soldiers, speaking dolls, and mechanical tops. The London Crystal Palace is an airier edifice, and, like Mrs. Brown, sees a deal of company. Indeed, there is more than a suspicion that the original purpose of the edifice is a little lost sight of, and that the Noah's Ark is not, as it should be, the great or head centre of attraction. The *objets d'art* are elegant enough to tempt children of larger growth to their side, and, set off by music, *do* attract many couples, who affect, at least, to regard them with the deepest interest. The German Fair has also music, but this is a wan and haggard spot, only to be recommended to persons of strong mind and adventurous taste. Still, all are interesting at this time of year, when the small feet and bright eyes of Master Jack and Miss Annie make better music than that of many wheezing pianos, flatulent German flutes, and defiant cornets. Christmas-tide would be unendurable were it not for the juvenile influences which pervade its glittering

atmosphere, and which redeem even the mummeries of clown and pantaloon from the reproach of utter imbecility. And nowhere is childhood seen to more *natural* advantage than at a bazaar or a confectioner's. With a battledore in one hand and a three-cornered tart in the other, the sourest infant will smile sweetly. He is worth propitiating at the price.

The new year *seems* (I must imitate that discreet functionary, the town clerk of Ephesus, and do nothing, even *hint* nothing, rashly) likely to be favoured with weather which may be called seasonable to a degree. Negretti and Zambra have recorded, in characters of blood, the depth of the thermometer's depravity, and we appear to be going deeper and deeper still. The parks have been pleasant sights and sounds with their great, humming sheets of ice and crowds of nimble ice-men and ice-women cutting figures of eight and other and newer triumphs of fancy skating upon it. Skating, if not, as was agreed long ago at Dingley Dell, "swanlike," is a graceful amusement enough, and a man skilful in the art looks far better on the outside edge than in the Cavalier Seul. There are also more hideous spectacles than that of a pretty girl, properly dressed, with bright skirt quaintly disposed over a faultless instep, careering (if that be not too forward a word) over the "glassy, cool, translucent wave." But costume and foot must both be perfect. Neither bombazine flounces nor worm-crushers are tolerable on a rink.

With the new year are properly and naturally associated the amended plans, prospects, resolutions, and other pavements which we intend to lay down at the commencement of a fresh campaign. Those who have a *Letts* inscribe therein (I have been told) the points in their character and conduct needing amendment (some must fill a good many columns), and sketch out the new line on which they propose to run, weather permitting, during the ensuing season. Something of the same kind may possibly be looked for from a "Man About Town," imperfect as his neighbours. Yet *Letts's* revelations are properly fitted with lock and key, and confessions of weakness as well as virtuous and high resolves are better told, according to the learned Smellfungus, to one's physician than to the world. On reflection, therefore, it shall suffice to say that "The Man About Town" will endeavour to keep quietly on the path he has marked out for himself; holding a pace neither too fast nor too slow; keeping his eyes open and his mouth on the jar; interfering with none (unless specially invited); and endeavouring to retain a conscience void of offence, and as many subscribers (yearly) as possible. If he had designed the GREETING which a well-beloved hand has cunningly ascribed to him, there might, in the interests of truth, have been depicted a dirty little boy or two throwing mud at the elegant back, now somewhat impolitely turned on Mdlle. Pitteri. It would have been more life-like. But the artist very possibly did not care to introduce low life. Of the design itself something is true, more, we hope, will be. In the meantime we heartily reciprocate the GREETING which has been in many quarters heartily offered. Those who offer it not may—put themselves in the position of Mdlle. Pitteri.

London Lyrics.

No. XIV.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DID you mean it when sweetly you said it,
Or was it a speech and no more—
An expression to go to your credit,
As you often have used it before?
Or am I to think they were real,
Soft accents and glistening tear,
And not my fond fancy's ideal,
When you wished me a happy new year?

O eyes that were made for deceiving,
O lips that invite me to kiss,
O voice I would fain be believing,
Vain hope of unspeakable bliss!
All golden your glorious tresses,
Bright beams to a heart dull and drear,
Like a shower in parched wildernesses
Fell your whisper, a happy new year!

And I paused, taking courage in sadness,
And looked through the times yet to come,
And faintly a vision of gladness
Showed a new and a happier home;
And I saw a fair angel beside me,
And glimpses of paradise near,
And dreamings of glories to guide me
Through a long and a happy new year.

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters,
I have shared in the smiles and the strife,
And I know all is not gold that glitters
In the great human drama called life;
But yet I have faith in unseen things,
And hope that the mists yet may clear,
For I know that indeed there have been things
As strange as a happy new year.

Ah, our burdens have grown none the brighter
For the moons we have seen wax and wane,
And never the visions are brighter
That gleam on the gold-getting brain.
I am weary, O love, I am weary,
Youth's carols no longer I hear;
Like gay music on prison cells dreary
Breaks your whisper, a happy new year!

Yet why should I think you are truer
Than others whose hands I have pressed?
Or that I am the first happy wooer
Whose vows you have blushed at confessed?
Dare I dream I'm the first that raised fire in
Your cheek, or that called up the tear?
Ah, as sweet as the song of the siren,
And as fatal, your happy new year!

Go, get you again to your pleasures,
Deck your form in robes costly and rare,
Tread the dance to the world's lightest measures,
Be proud that men call you so fair;
Laugh away your young life in your pastime
With lips never pallid through fear,
And forget when you saw me the last time
You wished me a happy new year!

Brightly glistens the red holly berry,
And blythely the Christmas bells ring,
And simple folks dance and make merry,
And old songs of Christmas-tide sing;
And their honest creed adds to your laughter,
And you would not for worlds interfere.
Let them say, "Merry Christmas," and after,
For form's sake, "A happy new year!"

Stay! why stand you silent before me?
Why paler and paler your cheek?
Why seem you, fair vision, to draw me
To you? Why so voiceless and meek?
Have I wronged you, O queen of a million?
Was the wish, then, not false, but sincere?
Speak again, O speak once to me, Lilian,
And whisper a happy new year!

She has said it! The dark day is brighter,
The cloud-veils are fading away,
The dull burdens are fast growing brighter,
And winter is yielding to May.
I have found the sweet heart that can love me,
You have laid my grim ghosts, Lilian dear,
All blue are the heavens above me
As dawns my first happy new year!

THE GRUMBLER.

A HAPPY new year.—Eh, what! A happy new year, indeed! Complimentary? Why, of course, it can only be complimentary, for it must be a denizen of St. Luke's, or candidate for admission therein, who could suppose that there exists within the whole length and breadth of these realms one *paterfamilias* who could possibly dream of being happy after the ravages and pillaging made upon his purse and pocket since Monday last—the week inclusive.—I'm alluding to Christmas-boxes? Why, of course I am. Christmas-boxes, do you call them?—No—seasonable charity! Seasonable humbug, rather, or most unreasonable, unjustifiable socialistic taxation.—No harm in it! Isn't there? Well, I don't like it—and, what's more, won't yield to it.—The butcher's boy who comes for orders every day ought to have something! Ought he? Well, then, why don't old Undercut, his master, who has been having four hundred per cent. out of us all the year, give it him?—Postman who brings the letters? Bah! Surely the Post Office, if it can afford to buy up the telegraph companies, can spare a few pounds extra to reward deserving officers. Depend upon it, 'tis all wrong. Pay people properly and deservedly, but don't be bullied to do that which you can't afford under fear of penalty of being called mean.—Poor Waits? Yes, there *is* a nice institution. After having prevented my getting one wink of sleep for the last three weeks they have the brazen audacity to ask me—not to forget them. They have only to thank Mrs. Growler (who would not allow me to quit her side in consequence of my cold), or I can tell them they would have received a remembrance from my bedroom window on more occasions than one.—Am too hard upon them? Am I? Well, after having disturbed the whole neighbourhood for the last three weeks, they had now best go to their beds and remain there till I ask them to get up again.—Christmas-boxes are an imposition? Of course, they are an imposition, and a most impudent imposition. Why, I'm told that on Monday an Italian organ-grinder actually had the barefaced impudence to ring at the great Mr. Babbage's door, and ask the maid who answered it for a Christmas-box. —Of course he got it? I should rather reckon he did—if he only got a decimal of what he deserved. —Been to the pantomime? How on earth can one afford to go to pantomimes when Water-rates has called twice and complains of unsatisfactory answers, and Gas has already grown impertinent. —What does Mrs. Growler say? Say? Why, says naturally enough—I'm a brute—and the dear girls must have amusement, and the boys *shall* go to the play.—Ought to take them? Ought I? Well, I did'nt say I ought not. But I do say I should be a madman if I did!—Can afford it? Can I? Well I know better, and so would you—if you had to call upon me for the young Growler's boot and shoe bill this quarter.—Well, trade is good at all events! Is it? Then of course you are not in it. Why, read this which I only received this morning:—

"Dear Mr. Growler,—I am a West End tradesman, and have a son, a manufacturer in the country. He writes, and requests me to see the list of bankrupts in the papers; he says he is discharging all his men at the looms, and it is as much as he can do to keep out of the Basinghall-street list himself. I wrote and asked him why—what was the cause of all this; and he replied to what I had written him—that he had no trade. It was useless sending up new patterns, and he was only too glad to get rid of all his old stock. In plain English, there was no Court in England, no balls or parties, dinners or gaieties; but plenty of—nothing. His neighbours take just goods enough to keep his work-people from starving and from the parish. Taxes heavy, poor-rates increasing, coals and provisions of all kinds outrageously dear, and Queen's taxes to be paid a year in advance. No fashionable people coming from north, south, east, or west. In plain English, as poor Jack Reeves used to say, '*There is nothing moving but stagnation.*' Now, dear Mr. Growler, all I ask of you is, is this true or not, and what is to be the result of these melancholy seasons? Why are all the London palaces closed, and why is not our noble, gallant Prince, who has ever manifested every desire to do all and everything in his power to encourage the amusements and happiness of the people, enabled to do something more? Why, I say, don't the country at once give him a treble allowance if he is expected to do double duty, and which he is really trying to do as far as in his power lies, and this from his own goodness of heart—no actual obligation? Reply to your afflicted friend,

"Bombazine.

"Regent-street, Dec. 27, 1869."

All bosh is it? Well, perhaps it may be. I don't say it's not; but I do say the contractors for lighting up Buckingham Palace (not an over gay building at the best of times) should surely light up more than two miserable burners in the front and none on either side. Possibly, Claridge's Hotel has something to do with this; but, be the fault who's it may, when our Royalty

go abroad, there is no want of gas or wax lights to do honour to their visits.—Not enough money voted for the Royal households to keep up the Palaces! Isn't there? I never said there was. But, why isn't there? Why ain't it asked for, then?—At any rate, there is no reason why the servants and porters lolling about the Palace should all look as dull and disconsolate as mutes denied beer.—Who gets the money that's received for seeing the grape vine at Hampton Court? How should I know? But I do know it must be a rich treat to a foreigner to have to pay 6d. to see a grape vine. Bah! make no charge, or shut up the place.—A disgrace to the country! Why, of course it is a disgrace to the country.—Whose fault is it? Why, no one's.—Ever has been so! Of course it ever has been, and, what is more, ever will be while we have Governments who only legislate for our morals, neglect our manners, and are regardless of our means, except when their quarters' salaries are due and the tax-gatherer calls.—Always grumbling, am I? Should read Watts's Hymns! Ah! of course. "Let dogs delight," etc. Very pretty. But didn't Watts write something about busy bees? Yes, he did; and so have I. What is it? Why—

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."
Gladstone and Bright both do the same—
That is, while they're in power.
Their honey comes at Quarter-day:
Lowe makes that for 'em sure.
What care they then for aught beside
The Rich? No;—much less the Poor.
In other words—the honey's theirs!
While we get but the *whacks*.
So 'tis only a happy new year to those
Who've money to pay each tax.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

AS this article will appear on the opening day of the year 1870, I am glad to have so favourable an opportunity for wishing the readers of the *Man About Town* health, wealth, and wisdom, and for asking all those whose love of racing inclines them to read this particular article to look mercifully on its shortcomings, and to accept the assurance that my aim has been, and will be in the future to keep them *au fait* with what is going on in the racing world, and to put them on as many winners as possible. It may not be amiss for me to state here that it is not my intention to give advice on every pottering meeting held throughout the kingdom; and without drawing the line at any particular place, sports—as the Yankees call racing men—will understand me when I say that I should attempt to grapple with the Lincoln or Huntingdon programme, while I ignored the existence of Bromley or Harrow. At all events, I will bear in mind the fact that it is not to gratify my own vanity that I attempt to pick the winner of a race, as nine sporting writers out of ten seem to fancy, but to benefit those who take the trouble to read my predictions. As a proof that many Turf advisers only care as long as they select the winner, no matter under what circumstances, take a race in which Pero Gomez (7lb. ex.), Martyrdom, and a lot of rubbish are engaged; instead of weighing the chances of the two former, and deciding which is the best, and so giving their followers a chance of winning their money, they would say, "The Blankshire Stakes will be won by Pero Gomez or Martyrdom," the odds being about 40 to 1 on the pair. After the race they will congratulate themselves and the public on their selection. It is probable that the new rules in regard to selling races and the running of two-year-olds, which become law to-day, will simplify the task of the "prophets" to a considerable extent, and, what is a matter of far more importance, be of great service to the Turf by ridding it of a certain class of meetings which have sprung up fungi-under the unwholesome atmosphere of the last few years. With these class of meetings there will also disappear a number of owners of horses whose sole aim and object has been to make money, no matter by what means, and to whose presence on the Turf we owe the retirement of more than one prominent sportsman during the last year or two. If, as I anticipate, these reforms exercise so salutary an effect, we may perhaps have the pleasure of welcoming the return of many good names to the annals of our sport before the new season has passed away, and find that 1870 closes more auspiciously than it can be said to commence.

I will now resume the thread of the Derby review, taking it up at Bridgewater, who comes next in order of favouritism to Stanley, to whom I devoted the concluding portion of my last week's article. Bridgewater, whose name is one of the happiest hits of a stable which generally sets a good example in the christening of its horses, is, as all the world knows, an own brother to the famous St. Albans and that good but unlucky horse, Savernake. Like the last-named, he never appeared in public as a two-year-old, but the tone of the betting on the Two Thousand would lead one to believe that, unlike his brothers, he may run for that race, instead of being reserved until the day of days at Epsom. Be this as it may, it is none the less impossible to weigh his chance for the Derby from the very sparse (and that contradictory) information which has been received concerning him The most reliable story that I have heard is, that he is considerably better than Palmerston, winner of one of the Newmarket Nurseries, according to a rough up they had in the beginning of November, but that his constitution, like Savernake, is not very strong, and that they entertain considerable doubt at Fyfield of being able to give him that thorough preparation which is necessary for a horse to come unscathed through the terrible ordeal of a race like the Derby. This, of course, may or may not be the case, for were it true, it would at once put his chance out of court; but, under any circumstances, I could not advise him to be backed with several horses of well-tried and publicly tested merit in the field, and though the market tells a flattering tale, it must be remembered that we have had many dark horses, at even a shorter price, who turned out absolute impostors when they emerged from their retirement, and the only instance of one running the Derby, in our day at least, has been Blair Athole, since which time the public have expected to find his equal in nearly every well-bred horse whose brothers or sisters have done a good thing previously, or who has been sufficiently written-up and advertised as a wonder, often with a view to sale. So, while I have a great liking for Bridgewater and his big brothers, and know that he is in the hands of those who will make the most of, and do best with him that is possible, he will not carry any of my money—at present, at least.

I now come to a horse of another colour, Astolfo, a brown colt by Orlando, out of Prudence, whose only performance in public was at Winchester in the Chamberlayne Stakes, where he beat Kennington, who was a very bad favourite, and to whom he was giving 3lbs., by half a length, and rather easily. The only other runners were Lady Annie, a Danebury two-year-old, sister to Dentelle, and Middlethorpe. These two last-named were very bad ones, the Lady Annie did manage to beat Sunlight a head afterwards at Stockbridge. At first sight, this race of Astolfo's was not of a character to entitle him to the position he now holds in the ranks of the Epsom candidates, for Kennington was a very uncertain horse at two years old, but it must be borne in mind that Astolfo was not half trained at the time, while Kennington was then at his best, as was proved by his running Roma to a short neck in the Hopeful Stakes at Doncaster the following day, after having travelled all night from Winchester to get there in time. Astolfo's own party were much astonished at his victory, for they had only started him on the off chance and to get him accustomed to a racecourse, so that in estimating his form, one must be guided as much by collateral circumstances as by the actual merit of the performance itself. Mr. Graham being in great force with his two-year-olds Captivator, Cestus, High Church, and Gamos, as well at Salisbury, Bath, and Harpenden as here, Astolfo was backed for a good deal of money at prices ranging from 33 to 26 to 1, and as he has not appeared since, his price has not much varied, until within the last few weeks, during which time he seems to be steadily advancing in favour. I confess that his owner declining to run him in the Middle Park Plate (when he had no penalty), or in the Criterion (when he had only 2 lb. ex.), seems to be somewhat suspicious, as he generally runs his horses fairly through their engagements when they are well, and would, I should have fancied, not nursed so favourable an opportunity of lowering the colours of Sunshine and Kingcraft and adding the Blenkiron Plate to his other numerous trophies, had Astolfo been the horse his numerous admirers make him out. Still, this may have been a part of his policy, so as to give him every chance of developing into a good three-year, and to keep him at 20 to 1 all the winter, instead of at 4 to 1, as he would have been had he been victorious in the Middle Park Plate. His declining the one race would, of course, be his reason for not running in the other.

Sunlight, a chesnut colt by Stockwell out of Sunflower, is a very difficult customer to deal with, and as far as his make and shape are concerned, is a Derby horse all over; but, granting that his curby hocks stand the wear and tear of another year's training, one cannot admit that his two-year-old performances give us much hope of his being one of the best three-year-olds of the season. Undoubtedly his wayward temper or nervousness caused him to suffer several defeats where he would otherwise have been *facile princeps*, but if it was temper, as I thought it was, which was his stumblingblock, what reason have we to suppose that he will improve in that respect? On the contrary, as a rule, horses when once they lose their tempers go from bad to worse. Had his disposition been like that of his stable companion, Sunshine, I have no doubt that this magnificent specimen of race-horse would have been as good as he looks. He made a somewhat ignominious *début* at Stockbridge in the Coventry stables, reduced to a match between him and the moderate Lady Annie, who was carrying 8st. 3lbs. to his 8st. 10lbs., and who won by a head. On the following day in the Troy Stakes he could only get fourth to Swift, the winner, and Scarboro' and Prince, who ran a dead heat for second place, and the excuse made for him in this, as in the preceding race, was that he was green and not quite fit. At Goodwood, as at Stockbridge, we find him trying another double-shot, though he failed to bring down with either barrels. In the Ham Stakes he attempted to give the redoubtable Kingcraft 3 lbs., and his failure in this difficult task is no great blot on his escutcheon. On the Thursday he sustained a still easier defeat from Gamos and Gertrude, in the Nineteenth Bentinck Memorial, and we do not meet with him again until York, where, faithful to his practice of having a double barrel, he first succeeded in winning the Black Duck Stakes, his only antagonist, however, being the wretched Pibroch, and then failed by a length and a-half to give Hester 11 lbs. in the Prince of Wales' Stakes. This failure, considering what Hester achieved later, was more creditable to him than the previous day's victory, though it must be allowed that all the rest were platers, and something was bound to be second. At Doncaster he only had one innings, and that in the 10 sovs. sweeps, on Thursday, won by Stanley, for which he was a great favourite, and though looking dangerous for a moment, was beaten some way from home, and did not get placed. At the Newmarket S. O. he ran for the Clearwell Stakes, and, though looking all over the winner, cut it when called upon, and finished second to Atlantis. This performance sent him to a long price in the betting, but he somewhat restored his reputation by running second to Hester for the Criterion at the following meeting, and having Kingcraft (7lb. ex.), Atlantic—who had beaten him in the Clearwell—Alaric, Roquefort, Nobleman, High Church, and others, behind him. In this race he again refused to try a yard when called on, or he would otherwise have certainly won, for Hester was twice disappointed, and had to come round her horses, and as it was only got up in the last few strides, Sunlight was allowed to walk over for the 200 sove. hf. ft. and Glasgow Stakes at the same meeting, and thus, with the £1,800 Black Duck Stakes, placed £2,000 to his owner's credit in despite of his numerous failings. Every one thought they had seen the last of Sunlight as a two-year-old, but Mr. Merry entered and ran him for the two Cups at Shrewsbury, Sunlight thus winding up the season as he had begun it, with an unsuccessful double-shot. In the Shobdon Cup he could only get fourth to Miss Dayrell and Fichu, which is not astonishing, as they, two of the speediest of their years, were only giving him 1lb. and 4lbs. respectively for the year; and Perfume, giving him a stone only, was third; and behind were White Slave, Pâté

Braemar, Sallict, and Plaudit. On Friday he did even better, for in the Newport Gold Cup he got second to Fichu, 7st. 10lbs. to his 6st. 12lbs., while he beat Argyle, who was third, and who also only gave him 12lbs. for the year; and among the unplaced was Martyrdom, who, however, it must be confessed, was not in his September form. If I backed Sunlight for the Derby, which I shall certainly not do, it would be on the strength of these two performances, unsuccessful as they are, for the form, both in front of, and behind, was very good; and while he beat all of his own age, only succumbed at such a slight difference in weight to real good animals like Fichu and Miss Dayrell.

RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASE FIXTURES.

JANUARY.

Hopgrove steeple-chases ..3	Carlisle steeple-chases ..26

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeple-ch..8, 9	Baschurch Steeple-chases..25
Derby Spring 15, 16	Newton Spring..... 25, 26
Harrow Spring.....17, 18	

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring 1, 2	G. Military and Rugby H. 16, 17
Liverpool Spring ..8, 9, 10	Warwick Spring..22, 23, 24
Pontefract and West Riding 14, 15	Enfield 25
Cambridgeshire.....14, 15	Epsom Spring 29, 30
Co. Down Steeple-ch...15, 16	Bromley ... .31, 1
West Somerset Steeple Chases 16, 17	Cheltenham Steeple-chases 31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton 5, 6	Kingsbury 18, 19
Southdown Hunt 6	Kildare Hunt 19, 20
Thirsk Spring 7, 8	Hambledon 22
West Drayton Spring ..7, 8	Lewes Spring 26, 27
Aldershot Steeple-chases.7, 8	Croydon Spring 28, 29
Durham.....18, 19	Rothbory 28
Newmarket Craven..18—22	

MAY.

Newmarket First Spring.2—6	Balldoyle 17, 18
Chester.....10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring....19, 20
Winchester 10, 11	Harpenden 20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C.10, 11	Bath 24, 25
Salisbury 12, 13	Croydon First Summer ..26
Chelmsford 17, 18	Stamford 26, 27
York Spring 17, 18	Epsom Summer..31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye 7	Newcastle-on-Tyne21, 22, 23
Manchester.....8, 9, 10	Newton Summer..22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer ..23, 24
Ascot.....14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club 29
Windsor June 21, 22	Stockbridge 30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July.....5, 6	Reading 12, 13
Newmarket July ..5, 6, 7, 8	W. Drayton Summer..14, 15
Sutton Park Summer ..5, 6	Knutsford.....15, 16
Worcester 7, 8	Huntingdon 19, 20
Pontefract Summer ..11, 12	Kingsbury Summer ..21, 22
Nottingham July....12, 13	Goodwood....26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST

Brighton 2, 3	Bromley 16, 17
Tiverton 3, 4	Stockton 17, 18, 19
Brighton Club 4	Oxford 18, 19
Lewes 5, 6	York August 23, 24, 25
Egham 9, 10	Plymouth 25, 26
Wolverhampton 9, 10	Scarborough 29, 30
Windsor August ...11, 12	Derby Summer 30, 31
Radcliffe 12, 13	Weymouth 30, 31
Lichfield 16, 17	

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick 6, 7	Hendon.....22, 23
Abingdon 8, 9	Western Meeting, Ayr 21, 22, 23
Doncaster Sept.13, 14, 15, 16	Newmarket First Oct.27—30
Hampton Autumn ..20, 21	Lanark 29, 30
Richmond.....20, 21	

OCTOBER.

Bedford 4, 5	Newmarket 2nd Oct..10—14
Leicester 6, 7	Cheltenham Autumn...18, 19
Bromley 6, 7	Newmarket Houghton.24, 29

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn 8, 9, 10, 11	Shrewsbury14, 15, 16, 17, 18

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4½) miles	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan) (2¼ miles)	Wed., March 30
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles).....	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles).....	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅝ miles)	Tues., Aug. 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., Aug. 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs. Aug. 25.
Doncaster St Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yards)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs).....	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yards).	Tues., Oct. 25.

THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS.

THE *Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 18th devotes two columns to a letter of Mr. Freeman's, in answer to a letter from Mr. Trollope, on the morality of field sports; and whether Mr. Freeman is a candidate for a medal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whether Mr. Freeman likes to see himself in print, or whether Mr. Freeman imagines that at this dull time of the year—at least, for journalism—he is sufficiently strong in his logical position that the few who read the papers will tacitly accept his arguments, and that at one blow he is going to annihilate his adversaries, and abolish field sports in England, we know not; but if the repetition of Mr. Trollope's name twice or thrice in every paragraph—his apt or inapt quotations, as the case may be—a courteous invitation to Mr. Trollope to visit him at his residence in Somersetshire, and a weak endeavour at comparisons, can satisfy his readers, we must congratulate Mr. Freeman upon his success. Let us, however, consider Mr. Freeman's letter as it appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, and let us give him the benefit of the belief that this crusade against fox hunting has been set up from pure motives of humanity—that humanity, however, that does not stick at eating roast beef, although, perchance, it has never seen a goaded ox driven to the shambles—that humanity that absolves itself when it eats lobsters and shuts its eyes to the fact that the poor brute is boiled alive—that humanity that smothers a whole hive of bees for the sake of their honey—that humanity that desires his gardener to blow up or stifle a nest of wasps that have dared to build their domicile near a favourite peach tree—that humanity that contemplates a codfish with commiserating eyes as it lies on the fishmonger's slab, and says, "Poor creature! you have been wriggling on a hook in pain and agony; nevertheless, as you are dead, I must take you home for dinner." We might go on for ever. Mr. Freeman may turn round and say these are necessary cruelties—fox hunting is a fashionable cruelty; these are creatures destined for the food of mankind. Why, by the same subtle argument, may we not say that fox hunting was destined, not only as a healthy pursuit, but also as a means of circulating large sums of money, and providing employment and sustenance for many thousands of families, who, if fox hunting were abolished, would find their way to the workhouse? This is a point that escaped Mr. Trollope. Does fox hunting improve the breed of horses? We answer it does. Does fox hunting circulate thousands of pounds that would, in all probability, find their way into race courses, hells, and billiard rooms? We say it does, for the man who hunts all day must sleep all night, and his money is absorbed by his amusement, leaving but little surplus for debauchery or vice. Does fox hunting bring out the characters of the young men of the present day, or has it done so in days gone by? If Mr. Freeman has never seen a man ride to hounds, or has never left the cover side, as we have done, with three or four hundred men of all classes, but amongst them some of the best blood in the land, he cannot but fail to answer our question. In riding to hounds, we answer, a man shows as much of his disposition and character as he does in any of his trials in after life, where decision, energy, courage, command of temper—aye, and humanity—are required. Mr. Freeman's isolated instance of a fox with a broken leg does not prove the rule. The master of the hounds who perpetrated such an act is, we most unquestionably assert, not deserving of the name of a fox hunter. It is a great pity that Mr. Freeman did not live in those days when wolves and bears were a common commodity in England, for no doubt his humanity would have permitted them still to exist, or he would have had them "done to death" in a humane manner. Does Mr. Freeman, in his humanity, consider how the poor rat is "done to death" by the cat? or shall we describe the lingering agony of the mouse? Then why does his humanity not suggest a method for teaching cats to "do their prey to death in a more humane manner"?

If Mr. Freeman sets himself up as the champion of the fox, let him also do so for the rat, the mouse, the lobster, and the poor, wriggling cod. Let us, however, give Mr. Freeman the benefit of the doubt. Let us suppose that he does not know, when he eats beef and mutton, when he buys cod and lobster, how they are done to death; for we feel assured that, if such were the case, none of these luxuries would grace the board at Somerleaze, and Mr. Trollope's visit, although no doubt edifying as regards "humanity," would not be quite in accordance with the usual proclivities of a fox hunter's appetite.

If Mr. Freeman's logic is good, the question that arises in our minds is, Are we not more cruel to all these animals that form the principal portion of our daily food, than we are to the fox, who has, at any rate, a fair chance for his life? for the fox is permitted to use all those instincts that nature has given to him; he is well fed and looked after, and is allowed to make use of his peculiarly cunning faculties to evade his pursuers. For our own parts—and we feel certain we re-echo the sentiments of the greater portion of the hunting men of this country when we say it—we always rejoice when a good fox gets away after a rattling burst, with the hopes that he may afford us an equally good day's sport on a future occasion.

Until Mr. Freeman can produce some better arguments than those we find in his letters on the subject, we fear we must still support the cause of fox hunting; and although we are obliged to concede that cruelty does exist, and has existed in isolated instances, yet where so many are employed in this pursuit, we may fairly ask if it is unreasonable to suppose that here and there we shall find a black sheep, but that these black sheep do not prove the rule.

THE

Man About Town:

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW

OF THE

DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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UNDER the PATRONAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Princess of Teck, H.S.H. the Prince of Teck.—A grand COMPLIMENTARY FAREWELL BENEFIT to Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, previous to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews for Australia, will be given at the THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN, on TUESDAY MORNING, Jan. 4, 1870, on which occasion all the managers and most of the principal artistes of the London theatres have in the kindest manner offered their services. The performance will commence at one o'clock precisely. Places can be secured of Mr. Hall, at the Theatre; at Mr. Mitchell's; and at Messrs. Lock and Hadwen's, 1, St. James's-street. Prices of Admission:—Private boxes from 1 to 3 guineas; stalls, 10s. 6d.; lower grand circle stalls, 8s.; dress circle, 6s.; upper boxes, 4s.; amphitheatre stalls (reserved), 3s.; amphitheatre stalls (unreserved), 2s.; gallery, 1s.

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SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER at Seven—Misses Herbert, Henrade, Larkin, Turner; Messrs. Hill, Mark Smith, Shore, Young, and Lionel Brough. At 9.15, LA BELLE SAUVAGE.—Mrs. John Wood, Misses Everard, Lovell, Armstrong, Ramsie, Carrie Wright and entire corps de ballet; Messrs. Mark Smith, Young, Grainger, and Lionel Brough. Scene 1, Immigration; scene 2, Examination; scene 3, Intimidation; scene 4, Recreation; scene 5, Preservation. To conclude with A HAPPY PAIR.—Miss Herbert, Mr. Farren. Box-office, 10 to 5.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Miss Marie Wilton.

THIS EVENING, at eight, will be performed SCHOOL, written by T. W. Robertson, Characters by Messrs. Hare, H. J. Montague, Addison, Glover, and Cancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Blanche Wilton. Act 1. Recreation. Act 2. Examination. Act 3. Flirtation. Act 4. Realisation. The scenery has been repainted by Mr. Hawes Craven. At 7.30 DEAREST MAMMA. Messrs. Addison, Montgomery, Terriss. Mesdames B. White, Augusta and B Milton. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT.—Messrs. Montague, Collette, and Miss Addison.

ADELPHI THEATRE ROYAL.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.

THIS EVENING, at 7, Dion Boucicault's drama, in three acts, THE LONG STRIKE, in which Mr. Benjamin Webster and Miss Furtado will make their appearance; also Messrs. Arthur Stirling, G. Belmore, W. Rignold, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith. At 9, LOST AT SEA. Grand effects.

ALHAMBRA.—Managing Director, Mr. Fred. STRANGE.—TO-NIGHT.—An Entirely New Series of Entertainments are provided, the principal and most magnificent of which will be a splendid Transformation Ballet in four tableaux, entitled "Flamma; or, The Child of Fire." This gorgeous spectacle has been invented and arranged by M. Justamant, Maitre de Ballet of the Imperial Academy of Music, Paris. The Ballet will be supported by Mdlle. Pitteri, assisted by M. Dervine, the principal premier dancer of the Grand Theatres of France, and 150 selected coryphées. New Music by M. Rivière, and new and elegant dresses by Miss Yates. In addition to the Grand Transformation Ballet, a new Pantomimic Ballet, called "Watnotecnotumnotimo," has been prepared, and will be supported by Mr. Fred Evans, and his talented troupe. New Vocal Talent, new Comiques, new Acrobats and Gymnasts. Commence at 8. Prices, 1s., 2s., and gallery, 6d. New grand tier of private boxes, 42s., 38s. 6d., and 21s. Dress circle, 5s.—Box-office open from 11 till 4.

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Immense success of the Christmas Entertainment.—THIS EVENING will be produced on a scale of splendour eclipsing anything ever attempted at this or any other establishment, a new Grand Spectacular Ballet, entitled JUAN; or, the Irregular Don and the Regular Devil. Written by Frank W. Green, Esq. The part of "Don Juan" will be sustained by Miss Lizzie Dashwood (who is the very beau ideal of burlesque sauciness and vivacity, and, being a thorough mistress of Terpsichorean mysteries known as break-downs, she at once establishes her popularity with the audience), assisted by 30 Ladies of the Corps de Ballet and a Grand Procession of 50.

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